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PROBATE COURTS.
Bradford District, 1868, 1869.
Probate Courts will be held within
and for the District of Bradford, for the
year ending, as follows, viz:
At the Trotter House in Bradford,
on the second Tuesdays of January, March,
May and August, 1869.
At the Hotel in East Corinth, on
the second Tuesdays of February, July, Sep-
tember and November, 1869.
At the Newbury House, Newbury,
on the second Tuesdays of June, and October,
and the last Tuesday in August, 1869.
At the Register's Office, West Fair-
lee, on the second Tuesday in December, 1868,
and the second Tuesday in April, and first
Tuesday in September, 1869.
ALVAH DEAN, Register
West Fairlee, Dec. 1, 1868.

NATIONAL OPINION.

VOLUME 4.

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NUMBER 4.

Married by Telegraph.

"Mr. Leary, are you a married man?"
"Very, sir."
"Very! why do you say very?"
"Because my dear little wife and I are bound together by wires."
"Latimer Leary, you talk enigmas."
"Then, sir, to be plain as a primer, I will inform you that I was married by telegraph."
"You don't say so?"
"Yes, I do."
"Then tell the company all about the affair."

"I will, with pleasure. Ladies, and gentlemen, my wife is a second cousin, and was a Leary. She once resided in the city of Indianapolis, while I was a resident of Centerville, in the same State.
I was a bachelor of thirty, but full of romance, and general love. I say a general love, because I had not made a concentration.
"Why don't you take a wife?" was eternally buzzed in my ears.
"Whom will I take?" said I. To this query a score of friends would say: "Your relative, Kate Leary."
"Kate Leary! why she is my own cousin!"

"Only a second cousin," they would retort; "and your opposite, Latimer. Kate is a blonde, and you are dark as Erebus, or the ace of clubs."

I had never seen Miss Leary, but this continual association of the young lady with my wedded life had an influence.

One day a member of Congress exclaimed: "Mr. Leary, were I single, I would assuredly pay court to your magnificent cousin. As I am married, and you are my best friend, I can earnestly hope you will possess the luxury."
At this period I was a merchant. Having discharged a clerical duty, I was sojourning to my store that a journey to Indianapolis was out of the question. I was growing almost wild to see one whom all praised, and as many wished me to wed.

In a few days from the fall of my legislative friend, his brother, a noted judge, appeared at my store. The judge was also my devoted ally—a position intensified by his recollection of being educated by my deceased father.

Drawing a daguerreotype from his coat, said he: "I wish to show you something nice. There what say you to that?" I told him it was absolutely enchanting. "Who is it?" I cried with enthusiasm.

"This, my dear friend, is Miss Kate Leary, the young lady I wish you to marry."
"Tell me," exclaimed I, "is she—she is all they claim for her?"
"My dear friend, honestly as I value truth, I have not heard her sufficiently praised."

"Why don't some man try his luck?"
"I am glad you asked. Simply because she is over-courted, and consequently hard to please. She is romantic, and I clearly see not winable by ordinary methods."
"You say she is very particular?"
"She is, Sir."
"Then good bye for me."

"Not at all; she is rapturous over your likeness, and sends her consoling love, with an invitation to visit her. I pledge you of omitting not a single good point in your body, calibre or character."

"Do you consider her daguerreotype accurate?"
"I can tell you it don't flatter her. She has extraordinary beauty, and the kind that is more striking in animation or conversation."

While mutual friends in Centerville were landing my fair cousin, mutual friends in Indianapolis were decided in their encores for me, and preparing her mind for an alliance.

I am not self-conceited. Believing such concord must be born of an obvious fact, I settled on the idea of marrying this wonder in beauty, soul and accomplishment.

My intent was quickly confirmed upon hearing that a very wealthy and influential banker from Gotham was in the melting mood. I remember it was midnight. I hunted from my store the last batch of chronic loungers, and selected the best stationery in my establishment. I was to write my first letter to Kate.

she made the first visit. Many believed she was right. I don't argue the point, but merely answer a question.
Weeks passed; letters were numerous and saccharine. The time arrived when I could endure my single condition no longer. What if some one were to cut me out at the eleventh hour? With such love, what would become of me? I was determined to own her, even if I did not see her for a decade.
An idea dawned—a brilliant one. It was to compass a speedy marriage and satisfy her thirst for romance. After a flood of tenderness, by way of dramatic peroration, I wrote: "—my adored one, let us depart from the state routine, and wed by telegraph."

The idea took her by storm. Her answer was characteristic. It ran thus:
"Darling, I will. The idea is satisfactory, but is it legal?"
Immediately I sent for my friend, the Judge. Soon as he faced me, said I, "Judge, is a marriage by telegraph legal?"

"Certainly, sir, I see no objection to a contract by telegraph. I readily see how all requirements can be accomplished."

"Will you state this opinion on paper, and prescribe a formula for an electric wedding?"
"With pleasure, sir."

The Judge understood me and gladly complied. The result I forwarded to Kate by return mail, and soon received word that on the following Thursday, she, and proper authority would present themselves at the Indianapolis office according to said formula, there to enter upon the holy state of matrimony.

I tell you, the appointed day was a great one among the mutual friends at each end of the wire. The affair was so novel, that all else was eclipsed by the contemplation of it.

Clergymen and witnesses assembled at the terminus. These, in full costume, two unseen lovers were to be made man and wife. The instrument began its tick tick ticking. The operator read, the clergyman put questions, I answered, the instrument did more work, and soon I was saluted as the husband of Kate Leary. My wife! I thought the possessor of a lady I never beheld.

One week passed and I was still without help. My brain was becoming frenzied. I must see Kate, and I must go to her first, for it was her fault, and well did I know what a Leary was.

By entreaty, I prevailed upon a brother merchant to loan me his best clerk. Soon as he put his foot in the store, I put mine in a stage, on route for the capital of Indiana. When about 12 miles from the city, we stopped for a passenger. It was a young lady. Such a beauty I never beheld. She resembled my likeness of Kate, but was far more beautiful. I own, my heart went out to her. Call me tickle, say what you please and I will bear it. I repeat, my heart gushed forth in a flood of love.

Here was a fix! I, a married man, going to see his telegraph bride, and as telegraphically in love with another woman. I began to repent my haste, and when too late, saw the crime of marrying one I had never put eyes upon. What would I do? What could I do? The lady was also married, for I heard the driver call her madam.

How she eyes me! I spoke about the coach windows being raised to suit her. She thanked me in tones that acted like an arterial stimulant. I was gone. Much conversation followed, and I was a goner. I saw she was giving me sweet, yet playful looks. Heavens, thought I, she is unparalytically united. Suppose I give her my sympathy. Yet should I jeopardize myself before such transcendental charms? Suppose I betray my love, how would I feel when in the presence of my wife, and what power could I confer upon a total stranger? I had it. I would betray nothing, but offer consolation to a flower most surely neglected. We were only passengers and what a good chance.

"Madam," said I, "please pardon me, but you seem to exist under a cloud."
She sighed deeply.
"May I ask if you are a widow?"
"Well, sir, not a widow, though I don't live with my husband."
"Poor soul," continued I.
She put her handkerchief to her mouth. I thought about half of it went in, but of course it was to stop her emotion.

"You are not happy, madam?"
"Very far from it, sir, I am miserable."
So was I—miserable to put my arms around her neck.

"Where do you reside, madam?"
"In Indianapolis."
"Have you friends there?"
"Many, sir."
"No doubt of it. Allow me to ask do you love this husband?"
Devotedly, sir.

"Then you will live with him?"
"Would be glad of the chance, sir."
"When did you see him last?"
"I have never seen him, sir."
Here she half-swallowed her handkerchief.

"Never seen him! Why, what do you mean?"
"Sir, have you not read of a telegraphic wedding?"
"Julius Caesar?" cried I. Tell me, are you Mrs. Kate Leary?
"I am."
"Then fall over here!" and I took her to my bosom convulsively.
As I relaxed, she said "Go on, Latimer. I knew you from your daguerreotype."
I will not prolong this, but merely remark that Kate is my next to the Great One Above. I have ever felt ashamed of my inconstancy, and would not lose her for the wealth of Orient. I ever consider us as bound together by wire; and when asked if I am a married man, I always feel like saying—very.

A Thrilling Revolutionary Tale.
God is everywhere. His words are in the heart. He is on the battlefield or in our peaceful home. Praise his holy name.
It was in the wilds of Wisconsin on the day of battle, as the noonday sun came through the thick cluster of leaves, that two men met in deadly conflict near the reef that rose like some primeval world, at least a thousand feet above the dark waters of the Wisconsin.

The man with the dark brown face and dark gray eyes, flashing with deadly light, and a muscular form, clad in a blue frock of the Revolution, is a continental named Warren.

The other man, with the long black hair, drooping along his cadaverous face, is in the half military costume of a Tory refugee. This a murderer of Paul, named Dehancy.

They met by accident, and now they fought, not with a sword and rifle, but with long and deadly hunting knife they struggled, twining and twisting on the green sward.

At last the tory is down—down on the turf, with the knee of the continental on his breast—the upraised knife flashed death in his face.
"Quarter! I yield!" gasped the tory, as the knee was pressed on his breast.
"Spare me, I yield!"

"My brother," said the patriot, in a tone of deadly hate "my brother cried for quarter on the night of Paul, and even as he hung to your knees you struck that knife into his heart. O, I will give you the quarter of Paul."

And his hand was raised for the blow, and his teeth were clenched with deadly hate. He paused for a moment, and then pinioned the tory's arms, and with a rapid stride dragged him to the verge of a rock, and held him quivering over the abyss.

"Merely!" gasped the tory, turning ashy pale by turns, as that awful gulf yawned below. "Merely! I have a wife and child at home—spare me!"

The continental, with a muscular strength gathered for the effort, shook the murderer once more over the abyss, and then hissed his bitter sneer in his face.

"My brother had a wife and two children. The morning after the night at Paul that wife was a widow; those children orphans! Ask mercy from them!"

The proposal made by the continental in mockery and bitter hate was taken in serious earnest by the terror-stricken tory. He begged to be taken to the widow and her children, and to have the privilege of begging for his life. After a moment of serious thought the patriot soldier consented. He found the tory's arms still tighter, placed him on his feet, and led him through the woods. A quiet cottage enshrouded among the trees broke on their sight. They entered the cottage. There beside the desolate hearthstone sat the widow and her children.

She sat there, a matronly woman of about 28 years, with eyes faded by care; a deep dark eye, and long black hair, hanging in disheveled state about her shoulders. One side was a dark haired boy of some six years, on the other side a girl one year younger, with light blue eyes. The bible—an old and venerable volume—lay open upon the mother's knee. And the pale faced tory flung himself upon his knees, and confessed that he had butchered her husband on the night of Paul, and begged his life at her hands.

"Spare me, for the sake of my wife and child!"
He had expected this pitiful moan would touch the widow's heart, but not one relenting gleam softened her face.
"The Lord shall judge between us," she said, in a cold, icy tone that froze the murderer's heart. "Look, the bible is in my lap. I will close the volume, and let my little son place his finger at random upon a line, and by that you shall live or die."

This was a strange proposal made in good faith, of a mild and dark superstition of olden times. For a moment the tory pale as ashes, was wrapped in deep thought—then in a faint voice he signified his consent. Raising her dark eyes to heaven, the mother prayed to the great father to direct the finger of her son. She closed the book—she handed it to the boy, whose cheek reddened with loathing as he gazed upon his

father's murder. He took the bible, and opened its holy pages at random, and placed his finger upon a verse. There was a moment's silence. The continental soldier who had sworn to avenge his brother's death, stood with dilated eyes and parted lips. The culprit kneeling upon the floor, with his face like discolored clay, felt his heart leap to his throat. Then in a clear, loud voice, the widow read this line from the Old Testament. It was short yet terrible:
"That man shall surely die!"

Look! The brother springs forward to plunge the knife into the murderer's heart; but the tory, pinioned as he is, clings to the widow's knees. He begs that one more trial may be made by the little girl, that child of five years old, with golden hair and laughing eyes.

The widow consents. There is an awful pause. With a smile in her eye, and without knowing what she is doing, the little girl opened the bible as it lay on her mother's knee; she turned her face away and placed her finger upon a line.

The awful silence grew deeper. The deep drawn breath of the brother, and the broken gasp of the murderer, alone disturbed the stillness. The widow and dark haired boy are breathless. The little girl, as she caught a feeling of awe from those around her, stood breathless, her face turned aside, and her tiny fingers resting on the lines of life or death. At length, gathering courage, the widow bent her eyes upon the page and read. It was from the New Testament.

"Love your enemies!"
Oh! book of terrible majesty, and child-like love of sublimity that crushes the heart with rapture; it never shone more strongly than there; in that lonely hut of Wisconsin, when it saved the murderer's life.

Now look how wonderful are the ways of Heaven. That very night as the widow sat by her fireside—sat there with a crushed heart and botched limbs, thinking of her husband, who now lay on the drearied soil of Paul—there was a tap at the door. She opened it, and that husband, living, though covered with wounds was in her arms.

He had fallen at Paul, but not in death. He was alive, and his wife, parting on his bosom.

That night there was prayer and thanksgiving in the wood-embowered cottage of Wisconsin.

ANECDOTE OF ISRAEL'S WIFE.
A story is told of Lady Beaconsfield's devotion to her lord and his ambition, which, if true, is a touching commentary on the usefulness of womanly affection. On one occasion, when Disraeli was Chancellor of the Exchequer, his wife accompanied him to the Parliament House. It was "Budget" night—the most momentous of all sessions to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, for he is to unfold his financial plans for the ensuing year to a critical and not too easily satisfied House.

Disraeli, as he took his place in the carriage, was highly wrapped up in his subject and his figures; it was a crisis in his career; if he failed this night, he might well take Wesley's advice to "Gonowell, Fling away ambition!"

His wife entered the carriage also, softly, so as not to disturb the thinker. In getting in, however, her finger was caught by the door, which, shutting upon it, jammed it terribly and held it so fast that she could not withdraw it. She uttered no cry, made no movement; her pain and agony must have been intense. There was the finger crushed between the panels; to speak or endeavor to withdraw it would disturb her lord—would drive the figures and arguments from his head. So there stayed the finger, every moment more painful, until they reached the House; nor did Disraeli hear a word of it till long after the famous debate of that night had become history. All that evening the faithful wife sat in the gallery, that her husband's quick-glancing eye might not miss her as she bore her pain like a martyr and like a woman who loves.

No wonder that by her husband's act she has become Viscountess Beaconsfield; still less wonder that, as Lady Beaconsfield, she is honored in England's proudest castles, and has taken her place in the hereditary society as naturally and easily as if she had been "to the manner born."—From OUR MONTHLY GOSSET, in Lippincott's Magazine for June.

The Lewiston Journal bears the story of a very young man, who, being in love with a very young lady, paid her a visit last Sunday evening. The old folks thought the children were too young to keep company, and conveyed the hint by calling the girl out and sending her to bed. The lady of the house astonished the very young man by bringing into the parlor a huge piece of bread and butter and saying in her kindest manner: "There, Bab, take this and run home to your mother; it is time little boys were in bed."

Chicago is sending out cards for a great musical festival to be held next year.

The Peace Jubilee.

The good people of Boston feel that they have vindicated their oft asserted claim that their city is the metropolis of the music and art of the world. They point with pardonable pride to their enthusiastic, gifted Gilmore, who, repulsed in New York, found in Boston the men and more that, the measures, to carry into effect his conceptions of an enormous musical "Jubilee." Coming events had cast their faint shadows but it was only on the 13th of March last, that, at a meeting of some enterprising men of capital and men of music, Mr. Gilmore unfolded his full plan, which, without a material change found its full fruition in the monster festival of week before last. It was first ascertained that the musical societies of New England were able and willing to respond to the call for chorus singers, and the work of introduction and drill began at once in a hundred places. No structure in Boston could accommodate the performers, much less the crowds that were expected to listen, and so the monster COLISEUM had to be erected. The City Fathers would not consent to the profanation of their sacred Common, and so the remote regions of Back Bay, newly reclaimed from the sea, unpaved, and abounding in dust, were appropriated. The building is five hundred feet long, by three hundred wide, but being built in a rough manner, for a temporary purpose, its exterior aspect is rather the reverse of imposing, and the general effect is not heightened by the swarms of temporary booths, shanties and tents, that extended far and near to supply the anticipated rustic demand for cheap jewelry, soda-water and indigestibleables. The interior looks better. The Railroad bridge-looking trusses and beams are well covered with flags, bearing the coats of arms of the thirty-seven States, and every point and projection is made radiant with stars and stripes, and gorgeous with tri-colored bunting. Over the grand organ is a richly ornamented arch, in its center a representation of a dove bearing in its beak the olive branch of peace; upon each side is an angel, and above, inscriptions of Peace and Good Will. Upon pillars rising among the chorus are medallions bearing the faces, more or less distinct, of distinguished composers. King David and St. Cecilia are also prominent figures, and are represented as if playing a duet on the harp and organ, a hope, less attempt at competition with the military band just in their front. The arrangements of the seats were excellent; every corner and instrumentalist could plainly see the conductor, and there were few seats in the auditorium where the whole stage could not be seen.

The chorus numbered ten thousand, all singers of more or less skill, accompanied by a select orchestra of five hundred, and beside these last there were at least five hundred more, armed with loud-sounding horns, cymbals, drums and triangles to do duty in the heavier choruses. The best players in America were present, and the Old Bull occupying a part of the time, the post of honor at their head.

The concerts commenced on Tuesday, the first piece being Luther's majestic choral, "A Strong Castle is Our Lord," which was rendered with a precision and accuracy that were hardly reached again during the "Jubilee." To the surprise of all, loudness was not the prominent feature of the performance; but there was a rich, all-pervading grandeur and mellowness entirely unexpected from such a mass of voices and instruments. On Wednesday the enthusiasm was increased by the presence of President Grant, and other dignitaries, who, however, mostly retired after the "Anvil Chorus" had been beaten out by the hundred sturdy firemen. Thursday the cup of Bostonian joy fairly ran over. Every seat, every aisle and passage way of their adored edifice was jammed full. Full fifty thousand people were inside rejoicing, and as many more besieged with threat, entreaty and bribe, the patient policemen outside, to no purpose. Artillery, bells, every thing that could make a noise, were brought into requisition to add to the sublimity of the scene. It was evident that the noisiest and least elegant of the pieces performed were received with the greatest enthusiasm, and some of the finer symphonies of the German Masters fell almost flat on the popular ear. This last was especially noticeable on Friday, when the programme was almost entirely made up of the best oratorio music, for the concert was voted by the masses to be much the driest of the series.

Perhaps the most marvelous feature of the whole, was the singing of Madame Parepa-Rosa. In the several solos which she sang, every note of her resonant voice, every word enunciated was as clear and distinct to the listeners in the remote parts of the building as in the noisiest of the grand choruses the same mighty voice soared above and beyond the din, and was even plainly heard by the crowd gathered

to collect such surreptitious strains as might float through the lofty windows to give clemency and delight to the whole Back Bay.

Another grand spectacle was the ball Thursday night, open to every one who could pay for a ticket. Four miles of gas pipes supplied twenty-five hundred burners with the wherewithal to give five thousand couples the light to dance, flirt and be merry. Gilmore and Dordworth led the six hundred musicians who furnished the inspiration, and the whole affair was most enjoyable from its novelty as well as its real attractions.

The accommodations furnished the Press were all and more than could be asked, and were duly appreciated by the hundreds of its representatives who were present. Telegraph and postal offices were opened in the building, quiet rooms well supplied with refreshments were at their disposal, and the unobtrusive efficiency of all the arrangements were complimented on every hand. The city was crowded, but hotels and hospitable private houses expanded so as to be able to accommodate all who applied for shelter or food.

On the whole the "Jubilee" in itself was a success, even beyond what its most ardent friends had a right to expect. If at times the crowd was uncomfortably large, that was clearly its own fault, but it could not mar the effective excellencies of the performances which were truly marvelous, both as to their size and, comparatively, their perfection. Of course the laws of acoustics could not be changed, and if the auditors on one side thought the altos sometimes dragged, and those on the other attributed the same fault to the sopranos, and people in the middle believed the tenors and basses to be hopelessly in the rear, it was because they did not fully appreciate the time it takes for sound to travel two or three hundred feet. A good evidence of the merit of the whole is the tone of the New York papers. Generally speaking their reporters went to cast slurs if they could, and to carry out the humorous rivalry which exists between the two cities. Their prognostications and first reports changed with such ludicrous rapidity as to show clearly the success of the experiment they had come to deary.

The enormous sales of tickets have happily placed the patriotic builders of the Coliseum beyond the reach of anxiety. Great as the expense has been, a large sum will remain for charitable purposes and for fitting tributes to the men of genius who have conceived and borne the burden. What the object was originally is hard to discover. Some, with an eye to personal profit, believed in the influx of hosts of merchants who were to replenish the ample magazines of Boston jobbers, and a few of these last prepared collations in their stores that clerks might lose as little time as possible. But the crowd came to see and hear, not to buy; the collations were wasted, and after the second day shops were very generally closed. As an advertisement of the liberality and local patriotism of the "Hubbites," it may serve a better purpose. It is hardly probable that much musical good can come of it; the performance was not an aesthetic one, but it may tend to divert the American mind from its habit of celebrating great occasions with discordant fish-horns and popping crackers. If hereafter we shall follow the example Gilmore has set, and bang our guns, ring our bells and light our bonfires to the gentle strains of flutes and recorders, the Jubilee will not have been in vain.—Freeman.

OLD WORLD WALKERS.—The runners of the nomadic tribes of Central Africa surpass anything done by the celebrated runners and walkers of other races. When they carry government dispatches they run for days without sleep. In order to keep the chest free they seize with both hands the ends of a stick, which they place horizontally behind their neck. Their stock of provisions consists of a few dozen dates, and their whole costume of a pair of trousers; perhaps they also carry a pair of sandals, which they put on when the sand of the desert becomes too hot to bear.—On the way they lose little time as possible. When they are out of breath they stop, count up to sixty inspirations and continue the journey. They sleep only two or three hours out of the twenty-four; and, in order not to oversleep themselves they tie a rope of date-bark to one foot and set it on fire. They know exactly how long it will burn, and when it reaches the foot the pain makes them jump up, and off they go once more upon their errand.

SOUTH ACTON, Mass., June 25.
The mixing mill of the American Powder Company, of this place, was blown up at half past six o'clock this evening. Jacob P. Gray was badly burned, and is not expected to recover.

The number of Assistant Assessors throughout the country has been reduced 963 since the first of November, 1867. The number at that time was 3180, and at this date is 2217.

Old maids do not believe in the proverb—"Man proposes."

Gen. Frank Blair has gone into the Life Insurance Agency business in California.

Rev. H. N. Burton is invited to a church in Newburyport, Mass.; also to another field in the West.